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Mr. Hawse's Annual Concert. 1825.

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Mr. HAWES's

ANNUAL CONCERT,

AT THE

ARGYLL ROOMS,

ON

FRIDAY, APRIL 29th, 1825.

LONDON:

Printed by Joseph Mallett, 39, Wardour Street, Soho.

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Performers at Mr. Hawes's Concert,

FRIDAY, APRIL 29th, 1825.

VOCAL PERFORMERS.

Miss STEPHENS, Miss PATON,
Miss CAWSE, Miss H. CAWSE,
(Pupils of Sir GEORGE SMART.)
Miss BETTS and Miss GOODALL.
Mr. BRAHAM, Mr. PHILLIPS,
Mr. TERRAIL, Mr. DURUSET,
Mr. HAWES, Mr. ATKINS,
AND
Mr. BELLAMY.

CHORUSES.

Twelve Altos, Twelve Tenors, Fourteen Basses,
Twenty Trebles.

INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMERS.

Leader of the Band, Mr. MORI.

Conductor, Sir GEORGE SMART.

Violins.
Messrs. Wagstaff
Betts
Moralt
Wodarch
Nicks
Simonet
Gledhill
Fleischer
Collard
Anderson
S. Calkin
Cole
Mackintosh, jun
A. Griesbach
Daniels
Pigot
Kearns
Ella
Littolf
Ourry

Violas.
Mountain
F. Ware
J. Calkin
Tilley
Wilcox
Holland

Violoncellos.
Messrs. Lindley
W. Lindley
Brooks
J. Calkin

Double Basses.
Dragonetti
Hill
Wilson
Bond

Flutes.
Nicholson
Card

Oboes.
Vogt
Sharp

Clarinets.
Willman
Powell

Bassoons.
Mackintosh
Tully

Horns.
Petrides
C. Tully
Rae

Trumpets.
Messrs. Harper
Webbe

Trombones.
Mariotti
Smithies
Schoenegen
Weberstaat

Serpents.
Andre
Hubbard

Side Drum.
Mr. Gibbert

Bass Drum.
Mr. Whitcomb

Cymbals.
Mr. Eichorn

Triangle.
Mr. Cutchion

Double Drums.
Mr. Jenkinson.

Mrs. ANDERSON

Will perform on the Grand Piano Forte Ries's Variations to the National Air, "Rule, Britannia."

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ACT I.

DER FREYSCHÜTZ,

Composed by CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

GRAND OVERTURE.

The Overture to DER FREYSCHUTZ is most appreciated when performed with the subsequent pieces of the Opera, as it consists of various subjects, beautifully interwoven from the different Songs in the two first Acts of the piece.

On the rising of the Curtain, RODOLPH, (a Huntsman) has just fired his rifle, and missed the target: during the Symphony, KILLIAN, a Villager, fires, and hits the mark—the Villagers and Huntsmen join in Chorus.

INTRODUCTION and CHORUS.

Victoria, let fame to the master be given,
His rifle the star of the target hath riven:
He hath no peer,
Seek far or near—
Victoria, Victoria.

MARCH.

During the performance of the March, KILLIAN is invested with a Star, and Bouquet of flowers—a rural procession takes place.

SONG, *(Killian,)* Mr. TERRAIL, and LAUGHING CHORUS.

Why, good people, are you gazing?
Whom, good people, are you praising?
Doff your hats, I'm king to-day,
Do you hear me?—Ha, ha, ha.

How this star and flow'rs adorn me!
Now, what boaster dares to scorn me?
So you left the prize for me,
Do you hear me?—Ha, ha, ha.

Never mind, I will not slight thee,
Come to-morrow, I invite thee;
Grant to others, something, pray,
See the star, sir?—Ha, ha, ha.

While this Song and Chorus are performing, the Villagers are laughing and taunting RODOLPH at his failure.

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WALTZ.

Danced by the Villagers in honour of KILLIAN's success—beautifully concluded as the Dancers are retiring in the distance.

BALLAD, *(Agnes,)* Miss PATON.

Say, my heart, why, wildly beating,
Dost thou such emotion prove?
Can'st thou, when thy lover meeting
Fear his truth, or doubt his love?
No fondly, no, my bosom sighs,
No gently, no, my heart replies!
Then, fond heart, be silent ever,
Be thy wild emotion o'er;
For, with doubt and fearing, never
Shall it throb—no, never more!

Light of life, and life's best blessing,
Is the love which meets return—
Shall I, that rich boon possessing,
E'er the matchless blessing spurn?
No, fondly no, my bosom sighs,
No, gently no, my heart replies!
Then be joy my inmate ever,
Since each anxious dread is o'er;
For, with fear and doubting, never
Shall it throb—no, never more.

This Song is sung on the first appearance of AGNES, the Daughter of KUNO, Ranger of the Forest.

GRAND SCENA, *(Rodolph,)* Mr. BRAHAM.

Oh! I can bear my fate no longer!
E'en hope is banish'd from my soul;
What unknown guilt thus haunts my spirit,
And o'er me works its dark controul?
Thro' the forests, thro' the meadows,
Joy was wont with me to stray,
While my rifle, never failing,
Made each bird and beast my prey.
When at length from chase returning,
Ere home rose before my sight,
Agnes smiling met me,
Cloth'd in beauty's heavenly light.
And am I now by Heaven forsaken,
And left the power of chance to know;
Will Hope's long slumber never waken,
Or am I doom'd to endless woe?

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Now, methinks, beside her lattice,
I my lovely Agnes see;
While her ear seems fondly listening
Every coming sound for me:
Now she fondly waves a welcome,
Fancy's eye her lover sees—
But her signal gains no answer,
Save the sigh of whisp'ring trees:
What dark'ning power is ruling o'er me?
My anxious bosom fear hath riven;
Despair hath spread her snares before me:
Does fate rule blindly? Aid me Heav'n!

During the performance of this Scena, ZAMIEL, the Forest Spirit, is seen in the background, who by his Magic power is torturing the mind of RODOLPH with the fears of failure at the Meeting on the Morrow for the Trial Shot—on which depend his prospects as to the Rangership of the Forest, and the hand of AGNES.

BACCHANALIAN SONG,

(Caspar,) Mr. PHILLIPS.

Life is dark'ned o'er with woe,
Bid the ruddy nectar flow;
Wine's the soul of joy below;
Bless'd by Bacchus, rosy wine
Makes a mortal half divine.
Fill, oh fill the cup before thee!
Bacchus, Bacchus, I adore thee.

Life is dark'ned o'er with woe,
Bid the ruddy nectar flow;
Love's the soul of joy below:
Bless'd by beauty, rosy wine
Makes a mortal all divine.
Fill, oh fill the cup before thee!
Venus, Venus, I adore thee.

Life is darken'd o'er with woe,
Bid the ruddy nectar flow;
Love and wine give life below:
Let the Miser hoard his gold
Till the springs of life grow cold.
But with gold all joys combine
When it brings me love and wine.

CASPAR sings this Song, to persuade RODOLPH to drink, and thereby accomplish his object of securing his attendance at the Incantation, and casting of the magic balls, in the Wolf's Glen at midnight.

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TRIO, *(Rodolph, Caspar, Kuno,)*

Mr. BRAHAM, Mr. PHILLIPS, Mr. BELLAMY, and CHORUS.

RODOLPH, CASPAR (a Huntsman, who has sold himself to ZAMIEL the Forest Spirit), and Kuno, the Head Ranger of the Forest.

CHORUS—Huntsmen and Villagers.

Rod. Oh! how dark and dreary
Will to-morrow o'er me rise;
Kuno. Now in thy rifle
Future joy or sorrow lies.
Rod. Ah! with fear I tremble,
Lest my aim should fail.
Kuno. Now, 'tis no time to tremble,
For joy or sorrow now within thy rifle lies.
Cas. Fear thou must dissemble,
Boldness will prevail.
Rod. 'Tis vain to dissemble,
In anguish I tremble,
Crush'd by cruel destiny!
Cho. See how darkly rolls his eye;
Torments fresh increase his sorrow,
Fortune may return to-morrow,
Chase then every fear away.
Rod. Oh! what guilt thus chills me with dismay?
How my soul is sunk with sorrow:
Life the loss could never bear.
Kuno. Place in Heaven thy firm reliance,
And thou can'st have naught to fear.
Heaven will list' to virtue's prayer!
Cas. What! tho' Fortune's wheel may juggle,
Wilt thou stand so calmly there?
Coldly yielding to despair.
Trust in Heaven! and thou hast nought to fear!
Cas. Then up to the cliffs and the mountains,
To-morrow, ere dawning of day.
Cho. Each bird and beast that there wanders,
Our rifles shall give us for prey.
Let merry-ton'd horns then be sounded,
And peal thro' yon hill's rocky side;
To-morrow, ere evening, their echoes
Shall welcome the bridegroom and bride.

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DUET, Miss PATON and Miss GOODALL.

(Agnes & Anne.)

Anne. Come be gay, and banish sorrow,
Thou wilt be a bride to-morrow,
Let us then the past forget.
Agnes. But my Rodolph tarries yet.
Anne. Come, the time is near,
Banish every fear,
He will quickly now be here,
All thy griefs to cheer.
Agnes. But the hour has long gone by.
Anne. Day has scarcely turn'd to night;
But, dear Agnes, why that sigh,
He will come, and bring delight.
Agnes. Would he now could bless my sight.
Earth for thee is strewn with flowers,
Peace still cheers thy darkest hours;
But what whispers joy to thee,
Only speaks of woe to me.
Anne. Hours of pleasure I will measure,
Long as they shine o'er me; when they decline o'er me,
Then sorrow's night must gloom:
Moments of pleasure mortals should treasure,
Sorrow too soon will come.
Agnes. What can sooth my anxious bosom,
What relieve the pains of love?
While o'er Rodolph dangers darken,
How can Agnes pleasure prove?
Anne. Pleasure and laughter will conquer love.

A beautiful Specimen of gay and serious Music united.

SONG, *(Caspar,)* Mr. PHILLIPS.

Haste, haste, nor lose the favouring hour,
Thy victim now is in thy power;
Hell's dark'ning chains at length have found him.
Soon his soul, repenting, will strive to fly;
But struggling is vain,
When hell links the chain,
Oh nought can break the fetters round him—
Revenge! thy triumph is nigh.

Sung by CASPAR on his success in persuading RODOLPH to accompany him to the Wolf's Glen.

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SONG, *(Anne,)* Miss GOODALL.

If a youth should meet a maiden,
Need she run away with fright?
If his looks should win her favour,
Sure the girl may use her sight?
Tho' she must in maiden manner,
Seem her glances to conceal—
Where's the harm, if she, unnoticed,
Seek a side-long look to steal?
Should their eyes by chance encounter,
I no guilt therein can find;
Though her cheeks may blush a little,
Sure it will not strike her blind.
Looking hither, looking thither,
Looks are followed soon by sighs;
Then a little courage taking,
He makes love, and she denies.
But before a twelvemonth passes,
Forth they ramble side by side,
Marriage ends the village scandal—
He the bridegroom—she the bride.

Sung to amuse AGNES while waiting the return of RODOLPH.

GRAND SCENA, *(Agnes,)* Miss PATON.

Before my eyes beheld him,
Sleep never was my foe!
But hand in hand with sorrow
Love still is wont to go.
The moon displays her silvery light,
Oh, lovely night!
Softly sighs the voice of evening,
Stealing thro' yon willow grove,
While the stars, like guardian spirits,
Set their nightly watch above.
Thro' the dark blue vault of ether
Silence roams with soothing power;
But a storm o'er yonder mountain,
Darkly brooding, seems to lower:
And along yon forest's side,
Clouds of darkness slowly glide.
Oh! what terrors thrill my bosom,
Where, my Rodolph, dost thou rove?
Oh! may heaven's protection shelter
Him my heart must ever love.

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Earth hath lull'd her cares to rest,
What delays my loit'ring love;
Fondly beats my anxious breast,
Where, my Rodolph, dost thou rove?
Scarce the night-winds whisper'd vows,
Wake a murmur 'mong the boughs;
While the widow'd nightingale
Softly tells her piteous tale.
Hark! hark! a sound I heard in yonder grove!
Hark! hark! it is his step, it is my love!
It is—again my heart shall prove
The bliss that springs from anxious love.
The moon-beam is shining bright,
Oh heaven! does it mock my sight?
With flow'ry wreaths his hat is bound,
Success my Rodolph's hopes has crown'd.
Oh, bliss! thine Agnes then shall see
The victor's chaplet given, my love, to thee.
Hope again is waking,
Lulling in my anxious breast
Every doubting care to rest.
Joy once more is o'er me breaking,
Chasing with her heavenly light
Sorrow's dark and dreary night.
Hence then every thought of sorrow,
Joy is now my bosom's guest;
Hope now whispers that to-morrow
Sees my fondest wishes blest.

This Song, as a descriptive piece, is perhaps the most beautiful in the Opera.

TRIO,

Miss PATON, Miss GOODALL, and Mr. BRAHAM.

(Rodolph, Agnes, Anne.)

Agnes. Where? what! oh terror!
In yonder frightful glen?
Anne. 'Tis there the Dæmon of the forest
At midnight haunts his gloomy den.
Rod. Should fables daunt a huntsman's mind?
Agnes. Who prudence scorns, may danger find.
Rod. To ev'ry thought of fear a stranger,
It is the hunter's lot to roam;
Through scenes of darkness, toil, and danger,
The earth his bed, the wood his home.

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Agnes. Oh! terror fills my bosom,
Then haste not thus away!
Rod. See! terror fills her bosom,
Agnes. Oh, then awhile delay!
Rod. No, nought can change my purpose,
I must away;
Anne. Although the moon as yet unclouded,
Pours around her humid ray,
Too soon by darkness 'twill be shrouded.
Agnes. Can neither love nor duty move thee,
A little moment yet to stay?
Do not these sighs, these tears reprove thee?
Rod. Longer I dare not, love, delay—farewell!
Rod. But does thy heart forgive me
My hasty words to-night?
Agnes. O yes, my heart forgives thee,
Nor thou my warnings slight.
Anne. This is the huntsman's fortune,
No rest nor day nor night.
Agnes. And if thou still wilt leave me,
My warning words obey.
Rod. Night now is fast approaching,
Fate calls, I must away!
Farewell!

This Trio discovers the fears of AGNES and ANNE, on learning RODOLPH'S determination to visit the Wolf's Glen.

BALLAD, *(Rodolph)* Mr. BRAHAM.

Now good night—
Round each hill, and tow'r, and tree,
Darkness now her mantle closes;
While all nature calm reposes,
Darkness brings no rest to me.
Now good night, love,
Now good night,
Dearest love.

Still, may no fond thought of me
Thy calm hour of rest encumber,
But good angels watch thy slumber,
Round the pillow press'd by thee.
So good night, love,
So good night.

'Love, good night," is sung to AGNES on departing for the Glen.

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INCANTATION SCENE.

The scene represents a craggy glen surrounded by high mountains, down the side of one of which falls a cascade. The full moon is shining dimly. In the fore-ground is an old blasted tree, on the knotty branch of which an owl (with flaming eyes) is sitting. CASPAR, with a pouch and hanger, is engaged in making a circle of black stones, in the middle of which is placed a skull, an eagle's wing, a crucible, and a bullet-mould. Chorus of invisible spirits, with the yells of beasts and birds of prey.

Spirits. Milk hath fallen from the moon,
Uhüi, uhüi,
Blood the spider's web hath dyed,
Uhüi, uhüi.
E'er to-morrow reaches noon,
Uhüi, Uhüi,
Death will wed another bride,
Uhüi, uhüi.
Ere descends to-morrow's sun,
Deeds of darkness will be done.
Uhüi, uhüi.

During the performance of the chorus, CASPAR is interrupted by the yells before described; but proceeds with the Incantation. First, baring his left arm, he strikes his hunting knife into it, from whence fall large drops of blood; he guides them round the outside of the black stones; they immediately ignite and form a circle of blue flame, over which nothing can pass but by the aid of CASPAR.

The clock at a distance strikes twelve. The circle being finished, CASPAR draws his hanger, and at the twelfth stroke strikes it into the skull.

Casp. *(raising the skull on the hanger)*
Zamiel, Zamiel, hear me, hear!
By th' enchanter's skull, appear!
Zamiel, Zamiel, hear me, hear!

A subterranean noise is heard; the moon and waterfall turn to blood; a rock splits asunder, and ZAMIEL appears in the opening. CASPAR falls before him.

RECITATIVE.

Zam. Why call'st thou?
Casp. *(agitated.)*
Thou know'st, to-morrow's sun
Will see my respite run.
Zam. To-morrow.
Casp. Three years longer let me live.
Zam. No!
Casp. I will another victim give.
Zam. Whom?
Casp. One who till now would never dare
Within thy dark and dreary realms appear.
Zam. What does he seek?
Casp. To be supplied
With bullets thou wilt guide.

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Zam. Six shall achieve;
The seventh deceive.
Casp. Dark spirit of the hour,
By the magic of thy power,
Let death his hopes devour;
Then turn the seventh aside,
And let it kill his bride.
Zam. O'er her I have no power.
Casp. Will he suffice to pay?
Zam. He may.
Casp. Grant this delay,
But three years to be free,
And Rodolph shall thy victim be.
Zam. The boon I grant; but hear and know,
With me to-morrow, he or thou.

CASPAR falls to the earth. A peal of thunder is heard, and repeated its echo. ZAMIEL vanishes, the skull and hanger likewise disappear, and in their place a flask with liquor, and a hearth with lighted coals and faggots, rise out of the earth. CASPAR rises slowly, and discovers the flask and fire.

Casp. Well serv'd.
Bless thee, Zamiel! *(drinks)*
But where does Rodolph tarry?
He will not surely break his word.
Help, Zamiel!

He throws fuel on the fire, and prepares all the materials for casting the balls. RODOLPH appears on the rock opposite the cascade.

Rod. (from the distant rock, looking into the Glen.)
How horrid, dark, and wild, and drear,
Doth this yawning gulph appear;
It seems the hue of hell to wear.
The distant thunder bursts yon clouds!
The moon with blood hath stained her light!
What forms are those, in misty shrouds,
That stalk before my sight?
And now, hush, hush,
The night bird hoots from yonder bush:
See how that oak tree's blasted branches
Upon me seem to frown;
My heart recoils—but dread is vain;
Fate calls; I must—down! down!
(He descends a few steps, and then stops again.)
Casp. (aside) Thanks, Zamiel! my respite is obtained.
(To Rod.) So, comrade, you are come at last;
Do you see how I am labouring?

After fanning the fire with the eagle's wing, he holds it up to RODOLPH.

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Rod. I shot that eagle in yonder sky.
I dare not tarry! I cannot fly!
Alas! *(stooping and rivetting his eyes on the opposite rock.)*

Casp. Lose not the fav'ring time.

Rod. I cannot come.
In yonder gloom *(pointing to the rock, over which a veiled figure with uplifted hands is seen)*
My mother's spirit roams before mine eyes,
Thus in her shroud, thus in her grave she lies.
She fondly seems to pray;
She warns me away.

(She warns RODOLPH from the circle.)

Casp. (aside.) Help, Zamiel!
(To Rod.) What folly! but look again, and see to what your folly leads.
(The apparition of Agnes appears.)

Rod. My Agnes! She plunges below,
Then I—then I—must go!

The figure vanishes; RODOLPH leaps down from the rock; the moon grows dark; CASPAR seizes RODOLPH, and draws him violently into the magic circle.

Casp. Now, Rodolph, attend; and learn the art,
On which depends thy future fate.

Puts the ingredients into the crucible.

First, some lead—next, some glass, stolen from a church window.
Some quicksilver.
Three charmed balls that have already hit their mark.
The right eye of a lapwing.
The left of a lynx.
And now for the blessing of the balls.

CASPAR bows slowly three times over the crucible.

Casp. Thou, who roam'st at midnight hour,
Zamiel, Zamiel, work thy pow'r.
Spirits of the evil dead,
In mystic numbers bless the lead;
Three murderers, deep in blood alike,
Charm the bullets that they strike;
Child that hath its mother slain,
Corn the powder grain by grain;
Though our senses sink with fear,
Zamiel! Zamiel! be near!

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THE CASTING OF THE BALLS.

At No. 1 (repeated by the echoes), the moon is eclipsed; night birds and apparitions of various monsters appear.

At No. 2, the witch of the glen and various reptiles appear.

At No. 3, a storm and hurricane break down trees and scatter the fire; monstrous forms move through the glen.

At No. 4, the rattle of wheels and tramp of horses are heard, and two wheels of fire roll over the glen.

At. No. 5, neighing and barking are heard, amid discordant and eccentric music, supposed to accompany the wild chase in air. The misty forms of a skeleton stag, skeleton horsemen, and hounds, pass over the magic circle, in the clouds, to a hunting

CHORUS.

Spirits. Through hill and dale, through glen and mire,
Through dew and cloud, through storm and night,
Through earth and water, air and fire,
Unhurt, we spirits wing our flight.

Casp. Oh! horror!
See! the wild chase in the air!
'Tis a fearful omen.

At No. 6, darkness, tremendous storms of thunder, lightning, and hail; meteors dart through the air, and dance on the hills; the torrent foams and roars; the rocks are riven, and fresh apparitions appear; and all the horrors of the preceding scenes are accumulated.

At No. 7, a tree is rent asunder; ZAMIEL appears, surrounded by fire; and the scene closes as the clock strikes one.

ACT MUSIC.

This Act Music is intended as a programme of the music in the third act, as the Overture was to the first and second.

CAVATINA, *(Agnes)* Miss PATON.

Though clouds by tempests may be driven
Across the glorious throne of day,
The sun, that never sets in heaven,
Soon smiles the gathering clouds away;
For though o'er the earth the clouds may lower,
O'er him in heaven they have no power.

And thus, although the clouds of sorrow
A shadow o'er the soul may throw,
Yet hope, that dwells within the morrow,
Though hidden, may not cease to glow:
For though round mortals care may lower,
O'er him in heaven it has no power.

ROMANCE and AIR, Miss GOODALL.

My aunt, poor soul, now gone to heaven,
Was once before half kill'd with fright;
The village clock had chim'd eleven.
No sound disturb'd the silent night,

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She heard the door so gently ope,
And o'er the floor light footsteps grope,
And the clank of a chain.
She saw something glisten,
She lay still to listen,
And close by her bed-side
She heard the footsteps glide,
And a groan as of pain.
She call'd, she bawl'd, and scream'd with fear.
Oh! Susan! Margaret! oh! Margaret! come here;
And they came with a light,
And they saw such a sight!
This spirit in cog
Was, oh! heavens! 'twas Nero, the mastiff dog!
Nay, do not frown!
Full well thou know'st thy sorrows are my own:
But something sure to joy thou owest.

AIR.

Let not sorrow dare to borrow
Pleasure from my happy bride.
She, in duty, should her beauty
Shew in all its sweetest pride.
Thoughts of sadness now were madness,
Naught but dreams of mirth and gladness
Sparkle lightly round thee now.
Nuns by cloisters bounded,
Are by grief surrounded,
For young Love ne'er ventures there.
Let not sorrow dare to borrow
Pleasure from my happy bride:
But the maidens, wreaths will bring thee,
Bridal songs they'll come and sing thee;
Come, then, banish every care.

BRIDESMAID's SONG, Miss BETTS, and CHORUS.

Bridesmaid. A bridal wreath we will twine for thee,
Of purple silk the twine shall be,
For love will strew thy future hours
With myrtle leaves and rosy flowers.
Chorus. Love with myrtle leaves and rosy flowers
Now will strew thy future hours.
Bridesmaid. Oh let not sorrow venture now,
To cast its shadow o'er thy brow,
For love will strew thy future hours
With myrtle leaves and rosy flowers.

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Chorus. Love with myrtle leaves and rosy flowers,
Now will strew thy future hours.

Bridesmaid. And may our wreath an emblem prove
Of sweetest hours of bliss and love;
For when the rose of youth is past,
The constant myrtle still shall last.

Chorus. Love with myrtle leaves and rosy flowers
Now will strew thy future hours.

During this Song, AGNES has a wreath of white roses placed on her head—given by the HERMIT.

BALLAD, *(Agnes)* Miss PATON.

Tho' the gay path of life fairest flow'rs may adorn,
Every step should with caution be trod;
For too oft, on our way, we encounter the thorn,
And the serpent that lurks in the sod.
So the heart may still in the tranquil breast
Of the danger near unsuspecting rest,
'Till the eye of affection discovers the sign,
And that eye of affection is mine!

So, my love, when our fates once united shall be,
Let my heart all thy tenderness prove,
Ever watchful to guard it, a treasure to thee,
Though 'twill bring thee no treasure but love.

For who shall boast in life's devious way,
That their steps shall ne'er into danger stray?
Then let watchful affection discover the sign,
And that eye of affection be thine.

CHORUS OF HUNTSMEN.

What equals on earth the delight of the huntsman,
For whom does life's cup more enchantingly flow;
To follow the stag through the forests and meadows,
When brightly the beams of the morning first glow.
Oh! this is a pleasure that's worthy of princes,
And health in its wanderings can ever be found;
When echoing caverns and forests surround us,
More blithely the pledge of the goblet will sound.
Hark! follow, &c.

The light of Diana illumines our forest,
The shades where in summer we often retreat;
Nor is then the fell wolf in his covert securest,
The boar from his lair is laid at our feet.
Oh! this is a pleasure, &c.

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DUET, Miss PATON and Mr. BRAHAM.

(Rodolph and Agnes.)

(Accompanied on FOUR HORNS.)

Oh, Fortune, we hail thee!
The trial attending,
{My / His} efforts befriending,
Oh grant {me / him} success!
Can courage e'er fail {me / thee}
While, thus condescending,
Our Prince is attending,
Our union to bless.

Sung to OTTOCAR, the Prince, who is come to witness the Trial Shot.

At the commencement of the Chorus, RODOLPH fires the trial shot, which by the influence of ZAMIEL is directed to CASPAR, who falls from a tree, where he was hidden to witness the destruction of AGNES by this shot. AGNES also falls, and is supposed to have been killed; but is protected by the sacred roses given her by the HERMIT previously.

GRAND FINALE.

Chorus. See, O see! the shot his bride hath struck.
A huntsman fell from yonder oak.
We scarcely dare around to look.
Oh, scene of terror and of fear!
Round this dreadful scene of horror
Dare we scarcely turn our eyes.
Who, beneath this blow of terror,
Who hath been the sacrifice?
Agnes. Where am I? and was it but a dream?
Anne. Oh, scene of joy!
Rod. & Kuno. She lives!
By hope's effulgent beam
Our hearts are yet surrounded.
Cho. See, here lies one all wounded,
Bathed in the purple tide.
Caspar. I saw the hermit by her side;
My lot his cast,
My life of sin is past.
Agnes. I live again; 'twas nought but fear was on me.
I live, again to love and rejoice.
Kuno. She breathes again.—
Rod. She smiles upon me

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Agnes. My love.
Rod. It is her own lov'd voice.
My Agnes lives—she lives again.
Cho. By hope's effulgent beam
Our hearts are yet surrounded.
Caspar. Thou, Zamiel, here now;
And is it thus thou keep'st thy vow?
Take then thy prey; thee and thy fiends I dare.
Accursed be they and thou.
Cho. Hear, and of his crimes beware.
Kuno. His path was ever trod in vice,
And he hath fallen a sacrifice.
Cho. His path was ever trod in vice,
And he hath fallen a sacrifice.
He fell to vice a fearful prey;
Ottocar. Go, bear from hence the wretch away.
(*To Rod.*) This mystery, thou alone canst solve it;
The cause of these strange scenes reveal;
And woe to thee if thou do'st aught conceal.
Rod. Sire, worthless do I stand before thee;
Oh, let my grief assuage thy wrath.
The clouds of woe were low'ring o'er me,
I madly turn'd from virtue's path.
Sire, the bullets shot within thy sight,
With horrid rites were cast at dead of night.
Otto. Then haste away, avoid my sight for ever,
Nor dare return into this land.
From heavenly virtue hell must sever;
No, ne'er shalt thou receive this maiden's hand.
Rod. Forlorn, detected, my prayer rejected,
Oh whither shall I turn, my shame to hide.
Kuno. Let mercy still thy judgment guide.
Anne. Have pity on his weeping bride.
Cho. His heart was ne'er to vice inclin'd,
But pure and pious was his mind.
Anne.
Kuno, &
Cho. } Let mercy still thy justice guide.
Otto. No—
The fount of justice pure must flow;
Away, your prayers are vain.
Hence from my sight, nor dare return again.
Hermit. Shall sinful man, shall man presume,
An erring fellow-mortal thus to doom.

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Otto. And do'st thou, holy man, and bless'd by Heaven,
Whom fame with virtuous glory hath array'd,
Thus stay the doom my tongue hath given.
Pronounce it thou, thy will shall be obey'd.

Hermit. Let then annull'd from hence this trial be,
And as to Heaven for grace we flee,
And seek for peace and mercy there
By lowly penitence and prayer,
Be pardon on the hapless youth bestow'd,
And lead him back to virtue's road.

Otto. Thy word sufficeth me;
The Godhead speaks in thee.

Cho. Hail, noble prince, our prayers are not in vain,
For peace and mercy smile again.

Otto. To prove my pardon is sincere,
My hand shall consecrate the marriage band.

Rod. Oh, while possess'd of this bright treasure,
No vicious thought will dare intrude;
Oh, let these glowing tears of pleasure
Proclaim my bosom's gratitude.

Otto. & Hermit. As we should hope to be fogiven,
So should we other's faults forgive.

Anne. And, oh! with what enraptured feeling
Shall I the bridal chaplet wreathe!

Kuno. And may the blest award of Heaven
Decree that ye in joy may live.

Agnes. Oh let these glowing tears of pleasure
Proclaim my bosom's gratitude.

Hermit. Now raise your hands, and, humbly kneeling,
In tuneful song your grateful spirits breathe.

Cho. Now let us raise our hands and hearts to Heaven,
And thus give praise where praises should be given.
To Heaven then we raise up our hearts and our voices,
In thanks for the mercy to innocense shown;
Mercy is the brightest jewel
That ever graced a monarch's throne.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

N.B. The whole of this Opera is now published, for the first time in this Country, agreeably to the original German Score, at the Royal Harmonic Institution, Argyll Rooms; also each piece may be had separately.

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ACT II.

GRAND VARIATIONS on the National Air of "Rule, Britannia," for the Piano Forte, by Mrs. ANDERSON. *Ries.*

SONG, Mr. BRAHAM.

The celebrated War Song of the Spanish Patriots.

Newly arranged by W. Hawes.

The Words by Hampden Napier, Esq.

Lo! from her slumber Liberty waketh;
The chains that would cumber her spirit she breaketh;
Loudly and boldly soundeth her cornet;
And shall we coldly listen, and scorn it.

CHORUS.

On, on; before ye lies all ye cherish;
Win the bright glory, or all nobly perish.

Gleams from the morrow, yon lucid river,
Sparkling, will borrow as brightly as ever;
But on the water, ere noon be glowing,
Crimson'd with slaughter, the stream will be flowing.

Chorus.—On, on, &c.

Not as the current glides from the fountain,
But as the torrent roars from the mountain,
Will we rush forward, by glory spurr'd on,
Vict'ry our war-word, Freedom our guerdon.

Chorus.—On, on, &c.

CONCERTO on the Violin, Mr. MORI.

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SCOTTISH BALLAD, Miss STEPHENS.

DONALD.

When first you courted me, I own
I fondly favour'd you;
Apparent worth and high renown
Made me believe you true—Donald.
Each virtue then seem'd to adorn
The man esteem'd by me;
But now the mask's thrown off, I scorn
To waste one thought on thee—Donald.

O then for ever haste away,
Away from love and me;
Go seek a heart that's like your own,
And come no more to me—Donald.
For I'll reserve myself alone
For one that's more like me;
If such a friend I cannot find,
I'll fly from love and thee—Donald.

GRAND JUBILEE OVERTURE.

Composed by C. M. Von Weber in commemoration of the King of Saxony having commenced the Fiftieth Year of his Reign;
In which is introduced our National Anthem of "God save the King."

CANTATA.

The Offering of Devotion at the Shrine of Nature.

The Words by HAMPDEN NAPIER, Esq.
Arranged by Mr. HAWES to the Original Music of
NATUR UND LIEBE.
Composed by C. M. VON WEBER.

QUARTET,
Miss CAWSE, Miss H. CAWSE, Mr. HAWES,
Mr. PHILLIPS, and CHORUS.

How blest the man, whom Nature's smile
With pure and radiant freshness greeteth,
Whose heart, devoid of guilt or guile,
All lightly in his bosom beateth:
How blest, who ne'er hath turn'd astray
From virtue's straight but rugged way.

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And blest is he whose steadfast breast
To God and Nature true remaining,
Hath Nature for its constant guest,
Its purity no evil staining:
For him is Nature's cup of joy
Unmix'd with any foul alloy.

RECIT. Mr. BRAHAM.

That man may dare approach his Maker's throne,
Whose heart beats true to Nature's laws, and, Nature loves alone.

AIR.

To him alike the splendour of the solar glow,
Alike the humblest shrubs, the simplest flowers that grow,
The lowly worm that crawls upon the sand
Bespeak his Maker's hand.

He marks His piercing eye-beam forth with equal light,
In brightest day's warm gleam, or 'mid the gloom of night;
His voice when tempests rage on high,
Or gentle breezes sigh.

Though danger's darkest storms upon his path may lower,
His hope and trust are firm in that Almighty power;
His heart unmov'd, when, in the hour of death,
He yields his feeble breath.

RECIT. Mr. BRAHAM.

Not all the world's vain luxuries,
Nor wealth, nor power, nor honour's surer ties,
Nor e'en the all commanding smile of beauty,
Can lure him from the path of duty.

When first upon the mountain's side
The purple hue of morning breaketh,
As blushes steal upon the bride,
And light a thousand gleaming sparkles shaketh
Along the far-spread ocean tide,
Then with the lark's first song his spirit waketh,
And lowly prayer to Heaven he maketh.

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RECIT. Mr. BELLAMY.

And when the sun descendeth to the west,
And eve her softest tears is weeping,
And darkness o'er the earth is creeping,
He chaunts his evening hymn from grateful breast,
And, sure of safety, sinks content to rest.

DUET, Miss CAWSE and Miss H. CAWSE.

Fraught with melodies Elysian,
Bright and beaming is the vision,
Which, with memory's charm combin'd,
Floats across his slumb'ring mind.
Nought disturbs his tranquil slumber,
Whence each trace of woe hath fled;
Heavenly spirits without number
Wake around his peaceful bed.
Joy to thee, most blest of mortals,
Slumber opens to thee the portals
Of a scene, as heavenly bright
As e'er witnessed human sight.
Nought disturbs thy tranquil slumber,
Whence each trace of woe hath fled;
Heavenly spirits without number
Wake around thy peaceful bed.

RECIT. Mr. BRAHAM.

But when the heart is sad with sorrow,
And finds no refuge in the past;
Nor dares to hope that it can borrow
One ray of comfort from the morrow,
Unless that morrow be the last:
Oh! whither must he turn to find relief
From all the agony of grief?

RECIT. Miss GOODALL.

Go! when the roseate flush of even
Hath ting'd the passing clouds of heaven,
And silence whispers through the air;
Go! seek some solitude, and, bending lowly,
Breathe forth thy troubled soul in ardent pray'r:
That spot is sanctified, that spot is holy,
For God beside thee then is there.

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AIR, Miss H. CAWSE.

Then nature doth her stores unfold,
To deck her fairy bowers;
Upon the trees are crowns of gold,
And gems within the flowers:
The massy clouds are in the west,
In many a glowing cluster;
And wood, and hill, and stream are drest
In sun-set's shining lustre;
And o'er the wide etherial blue
A mellow veil of richest hue
In gleaming splendour closes;
And all around a purple dew,
As though distill'd from roses,
O'er tree and herb reposes.

And thus adorn'd by Nature's hand,
The sky, and earth, and ocean,
In all their pride and glory stand,
A temple for devotion:
And there's a whisper on the gale,
A murmur in the fountain;
And peace is resting in the vale,
And silence on the mountain.
Above, below, on ev'ry side,
O'er ev'ry spot there seems to glide
A deep and burning feeling,
That spreads its spirit far and wide,
The wounded bosom healing
And the Deity revealing.

RECIT. Miss GOODALL.

And as the vapours dark of night
Are by the sun's bright influence driven
From out the azure field of heaven,
So, on the bosom's gloom, all bright
Will burst religion's blaze of light.

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SESTETTO,

Miss GOODALL, Miss BETTS,
Mr. BRAHAM, Mr. HAWES, Mr. PHILLIPS,
and Mr. BELLAMY.

Whisper, ye breezes, and murmur, ye fountains,
Scatter, ye flowers, your fragrance around:
Rais'd be the valleys, and bowed be the mountains:
"Hail to the Lord!" let all nature resound.

Laud Him, ye mortals, to you it is given
Clearly and nobly to speak in His praise:
Laud Him, ye seraphs and spirits of heaven,
And the loud chorus of gratitude raise.

Hail to Jehovah! Hail! Hail!

RECIT. Mr. BELLAMY.

The guilty mortal's care-corroded breast
Can know no moment's rest,
To every hope of joy abhorrent:
But with eternal tortures rack'd and worn,
As rage, with madd'ning fury torn,
The foaming waters of a winter torrent.
The pure and pious soul is like the tranquil current,
Reflected in whose waves appear
Surrounding objects, undisturb'd and clear.

AIR.

For as the waters of that still tide
In silent progress serenely glide,
So doth the spirit that knows not ill,
Preserve its tenor all calmly still.

Though passing breezes, or raging storms,
That stream's smooth surface awhile deforms,
Yet when the tempest's brief rage is o'er
'Twill glide as smoothly as e'er before.

And thus in anguish awhile may smart,
By sorrow wounded, the guiltless heart;
But soon will leave it the transient pain,
And gay and lively 'twill throb again.

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SESTETTO, Miss GOODALL, Mr. BRAHAM, Mr. TERRAIL, Mr. HAWES, Mr. PHILLIPS, and Mr. BELLAMY.

Vice will find no pleasure
In the boundless treasure
Which fond Nature, without measure,
Offers to his view in vain;
Nought can sooth his bosom's sadness,
Nought can quench his bosom's madness,
Nought can bring back gladness
To that venom'd heart again.

RECIT. Miss GOODALL.

All hail to thee, Religion! Thou that bindest
With reason's tie the else unfetter'd soul:
All hail to thee! whose soft and mild controul
Is dear to e'en the worst and blindest.

AIR.

All hail to thee! Thou can'st enlighten
The deepest shades of sorrow's gloom;
And e'en the darkness of the tomb
Thy magic smile can brighten,
And cheer us onward to our doom;
E'en though the soul his worn and weary,
And all around is sad and dreary.

'Tis thine each raging storm to calm,
As falls the dew upon the blossom,
So on the sad and wounded bosom
Descends the pure and holy balm.
The eye, in which the tear was gleaming,
At thy approach with joy is beaming.
Our path with thorns may be o'ergrown,
Yet will we joy while thou'rt beside us;
Through vice's maze thou safe wilt guide us,
To kneel before our Maker's throne.

GRAND CHORUS.

Praised be the Lord—let earth, air, ocean raise,
In loud accord, the song of grateful praise;
And waft the sound on seraphic wings,
Before th' Almighty King of Kings.
Hallelujah!—All hail, oh Lord.

N.B. The whole of this Cantata is published, at the Argyll Rooms.

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NATIONAL ANTHEM.

As arranged by Sir GEORGE SMART.

SOLO.

God save great George our King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

QUARTET.

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On him our hopes we fix,
God save us all.

DUET and CHORUS.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleas'd to pour,
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

FINIS.

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